

SONG SHEET

New Jersey State Federation of Womens' Clubs

PLEDGE TO THE FLAG

I Pledge Allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it Stands; One Nation indivisible with Liberty and Justice for all.

A COLLECT FOR CLUB WOMEN

by Mary Stewart

Keep us, O God, from pettiness; let us be large in thought, in word, in deed.

Let us be done with fault-finding, and leave off self-seeking.

May we put away all pretense and meet each other face to face without self-pity, and without prejudice.

May we never be hasty in judgment and always generous.

Teach us to put into action our better impulses, straightforward and unafraid.

Let us take time for all things; make us grow calm, serene and gentle.

Grant that we may realize it is the little things that create differences; that in the big things of life we are as one.

And may we strive to touch and to know the great common woman's heart of us all, and O Lord God! let us not forget to be kind.

1

STATE FEDERATION SONG

Words by Dr. Lavinia Bailey Clement

Music by Ellen Vinton Ford

1. Oh, fair the fields of Jersey, with plenteous fruit
for all;
The gardens of great cities beyond its borders
small,
And fair the home of Jersey, whose warmth and
comfort rare,
Whose shade and cooling breezes those cities
gladly share.
2. To shores so broad and sandy, and cities by the
sea,
Come men of ev'ry station and nationality.
To Jersey's far-famed Princeton comes youth
with open mind,
Who carry thence thru-out the world, its mes-
sage for mankind.
3. Tho' thou art small, New Jersey, thy service is
not small,
To give a friendly welcome and statehood care
to all,
God help us help New Jersey to see therein His
plan,
For teaching many people the brotherhood of
man.

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2

(4-4)

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

* 4
Key of CWords by Katherine Lee Bates
Tune, "Materna," by Samuel A. Ward

1. O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain,
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.
2. O beautiful for pilgrim feet
Whose stern impassion'd stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness.
America! America!
God mend thine ev'ry flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control
Thy liberty in law.

3

(3-4)

STAR SPANGLED BANNER

* 3
Key of B flatWords by Francis Scott Key
Music by John S. Smith

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly
streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still
there.
Oh, say, does that Star-spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

4

(4-4)

AMERICA

* 4
Key of GWords by Samuel F. Smith
Music by Henry Carey

1. My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrim's pride!
From ev'ry mountain side,
Let freedom ring!
2. Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake.
Let rocks their silence break
The sound prolong.
3. Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

5

(4-4)

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC * 5

Key of B flat

Words by Julia Ward Howe
Music by William Steffe.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of
the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes
of wrath are stor'd;
He hath loosed the faithful lightning of His
terrible swift sword!
His truth is marching on.
Chorus
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.
2. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before
His judgment seat.
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant,
my feet!
Our God is marching on.

6

(3-4)

PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING # 71

English version by Dr. Theodore Baker.
Netherlands Tune.

Key of C

We gather together to ask the Lord's blessing
He chastens and hastens His will to make known.
The wicked oppressing, cease them from dis-
tressing,
Sing praises to his name, He forgets not his own

Beside us to guide us, our God with us joining,
Ordaining, maintaining His kingdom divine;
So from the beginning the fight we were winning;
Thou, Lord, wast at our side, The glory be Thine.
Lord, make us free!

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7

Maltbie D. Babcock
(4-4)

BE STRONG!

David Stanley Smith
Key of E flat

Be strong! We are not here to play, to dream,
to drift;
We have hard work to do and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's gift.
Be strong, be strong!

Be strong! It matters not how deep entrenched
the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day, how long;
Faint not, fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.
Be strong, be strong!

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Tune found in Methodist Hymnal and
New Hymnal for American Youth.

Josephine Daskam Bacon
(4-4)Ludwig Van Beethoven
Key of G

Brother, sing your country's anthem,
Shout your land's undying fame;
Light the wondrous tale of nations
With your people's golden name.
Tell your fathers' noble story,
Raise on high your country's sign,
Join, then, in the final glory
Brother, lift your flag with mine!

Hail the sun of peace, new rising,
Hold the war clouds closer furled.
Blend our banners, O my brother,
In the rainbow of the world!
Red as blood, and blue as heaven,
Wise as age, and proud as youth,
Melt our colors, wonder woven,
In the great while light of Truth!

Build the road of Peace before us,
Build it wide and deep and long:
Speed the slow and check the eager,
Help the weak and curb the strong.
None shall push a-side another,
None shall let another fall:
March beside me, O my brother,
All for one, and one for all!

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DEAR LORD AND FATHER OF MANKIND

John G. Whittier

Frederick C. Maker

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

By arrangement with, and permission of
Houghton Mifflin Co.Tune "Elton" found in Methodist and Presbyterian
Hymnals and New Hymnal for American Youth.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT

Helen Iffla Bay

Dear Lord and Father of Mankind,
We give Thee thanks to-day
For body's food, for spirit's good
To live as thine own children should
O give us strength alway!

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND

(4-4)

Key of D flat

Oh where, and oh where is your Highland laddie
gone?
Oh where, and oh where is your Highland laddie
gone?
He's gone to fight the foe for King George upon the
throne,
And it's oh! in my heart how I wish him safe at home!
What clothes, in what clothes is your Highland laddie
clad?
What clothes, in what clothes is your Highland laddie
clad?
His bonnet's Saxon green, and his waistcoat of the
plaid,
And it's oh! in my heart that I love my Highland lad!

JOHN PEEL

pg. 8

John Woodcock Graves English Hunting Song

(4-4)

Key of D

D' ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?
D' ye ken John Peel at the break of the day?
D' ye ken John Peel when he's far, far a-way
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

Chorus

'Twas the sound of his horn brought me from my
bed,
And the cry of the hounds which he oft-times led,
For Peel's view halloo would waken the dead,
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

D' ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?
He lived at Troutbeck Once on a day;
But now he has gone far, far a-way
We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.

The descant arrangement by Thomas Dunhill of the
upper two songs is published by Carl Fischer Co.

THE TENDER APPLE BLOSSOM #pg. 22

(4-4)

Irish Folk Song

Key of D

Would God I were the tender apple blossom
That floats and falls from off the twisted bough,
To find a place beside your tender blushes,
Beside your blushes, as that does now.
Or would I were a little burnish'd apple
For you to gather, gliding by so cold,
While sun and shade, your robe of lawn will
dapple,
Your robe of lawn and your hair's spun gold.